

# *Tomo-chi-chi*

## GENTLE WARRIOR



Written by Sara H. Banks  
Illustrated by Catharine E. Varnedoe






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Sara H. Banks

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SAVANNAH

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For my sweet Bardie,  
who loved Tomo-chi-chi



*Tomo-chi-chi was a Creek Indian, and in his youth a great warrior. He had an excellent judgment and a very ready wit, which showed itself in his answers on all occasions.*

—James Edward Oglethorpe

*He that is above knows what He made us for. We know nothing. We are in the dark. But white men know much and yet white men build great houses as if they were to live forever. But white men cannot live forever. In a little time white men will be dust as well as I.*

—Tomo-chi-chi





## Prologue

In the year that Tomo-chi-chi was born in a Creek village in what is now Georgia, the world population was estimated at five hundred million. Charles II had been proclaimed king by the Scots in Edinburgh, and in Italy, Murillo painted *The Holy Family With the Little Bird*.

Tea was first drunk in England, and in New England a young poet named Anne Bradstreet had her first book published. The year was 1650, and it was the beginning of the extermination of the North American Indian.



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# I

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*As soon as ever the Ground was found and fit to stand  
upon, it came to us, and has been with us ever since.*

—Postubee, a Holy Man

Mists rose from the Chattahoochee River, cloaking the village of Coweta and hiding all but the tops of the trees. A tiny peeping of birdsong had begun, and wisps of smoke rose from the chimneys of the huts and from the summer lodge. People began gathering in the village square, some on horseback, some on foot. Some were leaving, others were saying goodbye.

The first rays of the sun touched a crowd gathered around a tall, slender old man. In early autumn he wore traditional Creek dress of sleeveless shirt and leggings of soft buckskin. A supple deerskin was draped over one shoulder along with a doeskin quiver of arrows. His rank as *mico* was shown by the eagle's feather twisted into his long braid.

The woman next to him held a boy who was almost too big for his carrier, but who seemed happy enough as he laughed and held out his hands to the people around him. The woman's blouse was

loose, made of doeskin and embroidered with tiny, blue beads. Her skirt was fashioned of a kind of cloth woven from the inner bark of the mulberry tree.

Tomo-chi-chi moved easily through the crowd. No one would have guessed his great age from the way he walked—easily, lightly on the balls of his feet, his back straight. Like the talons of an eagle, his slender fingers touched first one, then another of the people near him. Then, he looked over at his wife, Senawki. It was time to go. The child, Tooanahowie, was agreeable to anything. He had no idea of the meaning of a journey.

A group of about one hundred men, women, and children would follow Tomo-chi-chi to a place on the banks of the Savannah River, nearly three hundred miles in a straight line “as the crow flies” to the sea. The new village would be called Yamacraw.

The site chosen for the village was one that was familiar to the Creeks because it was the site of the “old fields,” the place of the sacred mounds. It was also near the sacred “hunting islands,” where tribes from all over the Creek Nation came to hunt and fish. From the mouth of the Savannah River to the St. Mary’s River, there is a chain of islands where dolphins play and schools of silver fish dart like arrows. For centuries these islands, which lay off the Georgia coast, were unknown except to the early Creek inhabitants of the coastal plains of the Atlantic.

Then, in A.D. 1540, the islands were seized by Spanish conquistadors as outposts of Spain. The Spaniards named the islands Obispa, Zapala, and Guale. When King Charles II extended the English claim in 1665 as far south as St. Augustine, the islands were given the names by which they have been historically known ever since: Ossabaw, Sapelo, and St. Catherine’s.



Now Tomo-chi-chi wanted to return to the place of his ancestors. It was there that the spirits of the dead were and where the voices of the Beloved Ones could still be heard. Indians are never far from their dead, and they listen and heed. The holy men could hear the voices and the drums of the dead speak before each battle.

Tomo-chi-chi was an old man and had walked on the earth for many winters. Like the holy men, he could read the bones and hear the dead speak. He had listened to the voice of Long Man the River and had read the future in the green mosses of the rocks. There was a reason to return to the old fields. In time the reason would be revealed to him.

The tiny village that Tomo-chi-chi established sat high up on the river bluffs, which were shaded by huge live oak and magnolia trees. Below the bluffs, the river formed a half moon where it flowed into the sea. At the mouth of the river lay an island called Tybee, where herons and cranes moved on stilt-like legs, searching for food in the salt marshes.

Near the site of the town, the ancient burial mound rose to a height of about fifty feet. At that time the Creeks lived in an area that stretched from the Alabama River on the west to the Ogeechee River on the east. The Creek Nation was divided into two parts. The Upper Creeks lived in one section along three rivers: the Coosa, the Talapoosa, and the Alabama. The Lower Creeks lived along both banks of the Chattahoochee River and along the coast. There were fifty towns in the Nation, or confederacy, with war leaders coming from "red" towns and principal chiefs coming from "white" or "peace" towns.

The Creeks were an agricultural, hunting people. They fished, planted crops, tilled the soil, and gleaned the wealth of the forests

in plants, mushrooms, and herbs. The villages, which over time had grown smaller and more scattered, were built around a raised mound of earth, a kind of central square. The houses surrounding the square were built of logs, many of them from the fragrant sassafras called *wisso*.

Most families had a summer home within walking distance of their winter home. A typical summer house had a kitchen with an oven for baking bread, which was set apart from the sitting and sleeping quarters. Winter houses were plastered inside and out for strength with a mixture of clay and shells. They were always warmed by a fire, and were designed to provide moist heat like that of a sauna.

In the villages near the coast open huts were used in summer months. The huts were thatched with palmetto fronds to allow the cool breezes to blow through. Crushed oyster-shell paths connected the various buildings. The *mico's* house consisted of four buildings: a summer lodge, a winter lodge, a storeroom for furs, and a kitchen. The lodge house for the village was built on a raised mound in the center of the village.

There was always much activity in the village. Both men and women farmed, and young men worked at "curing" and fashioning the saddles so prized by traders. Women cooked, using mortars and pestles to grind corn into fine meal for bread. One of the favorite foods of the Creeks was called *softee*, which we know as grits.

On the outskirts of the village were the gardens and fields where corn was grown on mounds. Bean vines were planted to climb the cornstalks for support with squash grown nearby; these were the "three sisters" that were the mainstay of the Creek diet. Sweet potatoes were stored in mounds near the corn cribs. There were other

plants that were important to the Creeks—tobacco, pumpkins, melons, and onions.

Out in the cornfields old women sat on high, raised platforms and “scared the crows” by yelling and flapping their arms whenever the birds flew too low over the fields. Sunflowers grew along the edges of the fields, their bright golden heads following the sun.

Like their other kinsmen, the Creeks loved occasions for celebrations. Their biggest festival was the Green Corn Festival, or *puskita*, which took place at the end of the harvest season each fall. The Indian calendar revolved around the Corn Festival. It was then that new laws were made and important business discussed. The young men drank the sacred “black drink” made from the yaupon holly. The drink was part of the cleansing preparations that every young man took part in before taking his place in the tribe as a brave. Young girls danced the ribbon dance, games were played, and stories told.

One of the favorite games was *chungke*, which was played with a heavy, stone discus made of quartz, marble, or agate. The discus was rolled over a lightly-sanded level area, and spears were hurled at the discus to stop it as it rolled. The man or boy who could hurl the spear at the stone and stop it won the game. It required a great deal of skill and speed to be a winner.

Storytelling was a part of village life. At night in the lodge house men would put on “boogie” masks carved of wood into horrible faces. Firelight threw strange shadows against the walls as the men acted out legends and stories. They told of the *Ravenmocker*, who flies through the air in fiery shape and a rushing sound like a great wind. And they told of the mysterious white deer that moved in the highest hills and was invisible to all except the greatest hunt-

ers. "Little Deer" kept watch over his subjects and saw to it that not one deer was ever killed in wantonness.

Children sat wide-eyed and fearful until the masks were taken down and the men were recognized as friends and brothers and fathers. Safe and happy, the children laughed in the warmth of the room among people who loved them.

During the evening small clay pipes would be taken out and smoked. The plain clay pipes filled with fragrant tobacco were a part of everyday life in the village. During special ceremonies, however, the long-stemmed pipe of peace was smoked. Adorned with feathers, its bowl carved into fantastic shapes of turtles or ravens, the pipe would be passed around the room to the elders. It was considered a token of peace, and whoever carried it was entitled to safe passage wherever he went. The pipe was used as a kind of seal, finishing agreements and ceremonies with an act of friendship.

Until the mid-nineteenth century there was no alphabet among the Indians, so legends and stories were the way that history was taught. Stories that had come down through the years told of animals and men and heroic deeds. Because the language was spoken rather than written, it was perhaps the reason for the beauty of the sound of the Indian languages. Indian boys grew up to become eloquent spokesmen, their heritage of stories told by firelight enriching their language. They spoke in poetry that reflected the life around them; the silvery fall of mountain torrents, the wind keening through ancient trees, the graceful flight of deer, the majesty of the mournful black wolf that cried in the night. Their language sounded of all these things and was beautiful. And their tribes were many and varied.

There is a mystery about where the Indians came from originally,



but it is believed by many that they migrated from South America. By 1700 B.C. their civilization was flourishing, and as their civilization grew, so did their skills. They began making objects of great beauty, using the materials they found around them. Their culture was called Mississippian by anthropologists. They spoke a language called Muskogean.

They had an organized religion and a system of government. They built ceremonial temples. Each major center had burial mounds and temple mounds, some of which were in the shapes of giant birds or serpents. At the top of the temple mound a fire was always kept burning, and some of the mounds were six hundred feet around the base and seventy-five feet high. They faced each other in the center of the towns, and were surrounded by homes and cornfields.

When Columbus discovered America in 1492, a hundred and fifty years before Tomo-chi-chi's birth, he called the people he found there Indians. It was a mistake that no one has been able to correct. The Mississippian way of life came to an end soon after the first European explorers came to America.

The explorers brought the plague with them. Indians, who had never known disease, had no defense against the white man's sickness; and entire villages were wiped out by smallpox and other contagious diseases.

By the seventeenth century, the Mississippian Culture was waning. The social structure of the Indians was weakened by contact with European and Spanish cultures. Gradually the people began moving away from the great ceremonial centers and into other areas, where they settled in small villages along rivers and along the coast with its myriad islands.

*You have comforted the banished, and have gathered  
them that were scattered like little birds before the eagle.*

—Old Brim

Chief *mico* from Coweta

*A*t the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Creek world into which Tomo-chi-chi was born was still unspoiled and beautiful. Passenger pigeons flew in such numbers that huge flocks of them would blot out the sun as they migrated. Storks nested in cypress trees in swamps of trembling earth that stretched for miles. Moving in great herds across rolling fields, buffalo raised clouds of red dust against the horizon. Golden eagles flew over the sacred hunting islands and, in the sea surrounding them, right whales, black as night, bore their young.

As a boy in Coweta, Tomo-chi-chi did all the things other Creek boys did at that time. He learned to hunt and fish. He learned to make a deerskin quiver for his arrows. He hunted for larger animals with a bow and arrow, but for small game he shot a blowgun loaded with small, slender arrows feathered with thistle wool.

The Creeks were famous arrow makers and used pure crystal,

jasper, and quartz that they found in the land around the village. At night Tomo-chi-chi went fishing with the other boys and made fishing hooks of bone and shell as well as fishing lines of the twisted fibers of bark and grasses. The boys would gather at the edge of the river in their canoes, light torches of pitch pine, and row out to the shallows. Attracted by the moving lights, the fish appeared like silver arrowheads in the water. The boys would spear the fish with sharp harpoons thrown from the canoes.

Tomo-chi-chi spent much of his time exploring the deep woods, which stretched for miles. He knew the hidden waterfalls where the bear came to feed, and he knew the hiding places of the shy deer. He respected his parents and his ancestors, and listened to the wise men of the village.

A lot of time was spent playing games, especially *chungke* and marbles. The marbles were made of red clay, which were baked in the sun until they were hard and smooth. At about the age of twelve, Tomo-chi-chi joined the other young men and drank the sacred black drink at the Green Corn Festival in order to show that he was a young man in the eyes of the tribe.

As time passed, Tomo-chi-chi became respected for his good judgment and wisdom. Even when he was a young man, he was often consulted in matters of politics and law. He grew up to be well over six feet tall and very handsome.

A few years after he became a warrior, Tomo-chi-chi fell in love with Senawki, a young woman with whom he had grown up in Coweta. They married and Tomo-chi-chi built a cabin of fragrant *wisso*. He furnished it with deerskins, which Senawki cleaned and softened for the couches and beds. She made beautiful pottery and decorated it with brightly colored paints. She spread the cabin floor

with fresh herbs, which smelled sweet and guarded against mosquitoes and fleas.

As a warrior, Tomo-chi-chi traveled the paths of the deep forest and visited other tribes and villages. For weeks he would hunt the buffalo that grazed in the fields around the Chattahoochee River. The Indian paths crossed and crisscrossed through the forests from one village to another. Because these paths were so narrow, people traveled "single-file," Indian fashion. The paths were marked in secret ways, unknown to whites. There might be a tiny pile of stones, a mark on a tree just barely visible to one who was searching for it, or a small stick figure carefully hidden by mosses and leaves. All of these things were road maps to those who could read them.

Tomo-chi-chi attended a meeting in Coweta at which the Creeks signed a treaty of alliance with the English from Carolina. Later, however, the wealthy British in the West Indies wanted Indian slaves to work on their plantations, and traders were selling Creeks into slavery.

When the Creeks protested, the Carolina government promised that the selling of Creeks into slavery would end. Their promises were not kept. The traders were not punished, even though the Creeks had fought for the English against the Spanish-allied Indians. All of this was somehow forgotten when money and trade were involved.

Eventually the government of South Carolina passed laws that made it necessary for traders to register and obtain licenses before selling goods to the Indians. But many of the traders ignored the new laws and continued to do as they pleased. In a land where a person could just disappear like foxfire, nothing could be done about the cruel traders who took advantage of the Indians.



Finally the Creeks had had enough. They declared war on the English and asked the Yamassee Indians to help them in their fight. At that time the border between Carolina and Georgia was settled and worked by the Yamassee Indians, who acted as protectors for the English against the Spanish. They lived and worked in the border towns, and the loss of their protection was of serious import to the Carolina settlers.

The border war lasted until 1717, when Old Brim negotiated a peace settlement with representatives from Carolina. In a treaty they named the Savannah River as the Creek-Carolina border and agreed to resume trade between the Creeks and the English. When this treaty was signed, Tomo-chi-chi was sixty-seven years of age.

The new border may have been one of the reasons that Tomo-chi-chi left Coweta for Yamacraw. At the time there was no Creek village on the coast, yet for years there had been travel between the various villages and the sacred hunting islands. It had also been the custom in the past that traders visited the Creeks with their wares. But as we have seen, this was not always successful for the Indians.

When Tomo-chi-chi decided to move to the coast, he was already an old man and a respected one. If anyone questioned his reasons for the move, there evidently weren't any bad feelings about it. The lines of communication stayed open from Coweta to Yamacraw. Old Brim, who was chief *mico* of the Upper and Lower Creek Nation, was a kinsman; and he and Tomo-chi-chi were on good terms. Old Brim's second man, Chigelley, was a warrior with whom Tomo-chi-chi had seen battle years ago. They were also on good terms.

It is as though Tomo-chi-chi felt drawn or called to the coast. There is something mystical about his move, as though he heard

other voices speaking to him. It took a great deal of courage to leave the main village. In 1725 the area around Savannah was dangerous. The Spanish had long wanted the lands around the coast, and the French-allied Yamassee Indians were not far away in Florida.

The new village of Yamacraw would stand alone between the Carolina border and the wilderness beyond. Still, it was the place Tomo-chi-chi had chosen. Now, on an early fall morning in 1725, he was ready to leave Coweta. There was no turning back. Holding the carved bowl with reverent fingers, he had smoked the pipe of peace. He had prayed to the Grandfathers, smoking the sacred tobacco and sending the smoke into the four directions of the earth—north, south, east, and west. He had chosen the path and now walked it.

Not long after the village of Yamacraw was settled, word was received that Old Brim had died. The new *mico*, Chigelley, would serve until Malatchi, Old Brim's son, was of age. Chigelley suggested that a trading post be opened where the Indians could go and trade goods with the English whenever they wished. It was also suggested that it would be good if the person running the post were Indian or, if not, at least someone friendly to the Indians.

The person chosen to run the trading post was Mary Musgrove. She was the daughter of Old Brim's sister and an English trader. When she was six years of age, Mary, whose Creek name was Coosaponakeesa, was taken to Pon Pon, South Carolina, to be educated among her father's people. When the border wars broke out in 1715, she was taken back to Coweta, where she later met and married John Musgrove. Young John Musgrove was the son of Captain Musgrove, a government official from South Carolina who had

worked with Old Brim in negotiating new borders between Georgia and Carolina. After her marriage, Mary went to Charlestown to live with her in-laws. She and her husband were living in Charlestown, where John worked for his father in the trading business when they were asked to come to the new territory to open the first trading post. As the niece of Old Brim, Mary was an asset to the Creeks; and as a member of a prominent South Carolina family, she was considered invaluable in keeping a political peace between the Creeks and the English.

Mary and John Musgrove left Charlestown for Savannah, where she would meet her kinsman, Tomo-chi-chi, for the first time.

It was Chigelley's suggestion that Tomo-chi-chi offer land along the Altamaha River for the trading post. The Altamaha, which has its source in the mountains, descends through hilly country, where it is joined by the Ocmulgee and the Oconee rivers. The land along its banks is fertile and sandy, high and accessible by both the western trail and the old trading path leading from the western boundary of the Lower Creek Nation. The site chosen for the post was situated north of the Yamacraw village near the sacred "old fields."

The trading post was named Mount Venture and was built in 1730. In return for their services the Creeks paid the Musgroves fifteen hundred pounds of furs annually. Tomo-chi-chi gave Mary a large parcel of land on which to build a house and cow pens. And even though it was believed by the Creeks that land could not be given, only used, Tomo-chi-chi made it clear that these lands were Mary's for her use.

Until 1685, when the Europeans arrived with trade goods, the Creeks "owned" very little. They had no need. Dogs, horses, and weapons for hunting were about the only things a person could

own or needed to own. The lands were always shared by the members of the tribe, but owned by none. American Indians did not accept the idea of individuals owning land.

Mary Musgrove was to play an important role in the settlement of the new colony. In fact, without her help the settlement of Georgia might not have been as peaceful as it was. But at the time, Tomo-chi-chi could not have known about the new colony. His gifts of land to Mary seemed prophetic, as though he could see into the future and knew that she would need protection from the people who were to come.

While John Musgrove worked at stocking the trading post, Mary was busy overseeing the building of a house and the stocking of cattle. She planned to raise thoroughbred horses when she could and was already writing letters to owners of fine horses in South Carolina. She hired a man to help at the post, and it grew to be more than a trading post. In addition to the usual supplies, there was a drop for mail and messages that the rangers and traders used. Maps on the walls traced the trails leading to Mount Venture from Savannah, Charlestown, and farther northern settlements.

Over time, articles at the post would change considerably to include a selection of rifles. The most prized were flintlocks, made with fine French flints and equipped with "set triggers." A supply of gunpowder was kept in a storeroom under lock and key. And Mary had been successful in obtaining a good supply of the French black gunpowder preferred by the rangers.

Mary grew close to her new family of Tomo-chi-chi, Senawki, and Tooanahowie. Overnight the young boy had a ready-made aunt who could ride and swim and wasn't afraid of anything. She began importing cattle and horses; and when her house was finished, she



started talking about building a bigger one. There seemed to be nothing she wouldn't try, and it was fun just being around her. She was soon an important figure in the lives of the people at Yamacraw and, in particular, in the life of Tooanahowie.

One evening Tomo-chi-chi, Mary, and Tooanahowie sat on the beach at St. Catherine's Island. They had come with a group in order to forage oysters from the giant reef near the island. When the others grew busy, the three of them slipped away. After a supper of fish, sweet corn, and ripe persimmons, they sat on the sands. Mary was teaching Tooanahowie how to read and write. Tomo-chi-chi was very pleased. He wanted all of the children to learn to read and write. At the time there was no Creek alphabet, so they had to learn English. Now she began writing letters in the sands, and Tooanahowie read aloud to the old *mico*.

The sun was setting and the sky was gold. Rose-colored clouds brushed feathers against the horizon. A pod of dolphins filled St. Catherine's sound. The air was alive with hundreds of them, leaping and playing in the water. Tooanahowie, Tomo-chi-chi, and Mary watched until the dolphins swam farther out to sea and disappeared. As they were sitting on the beach, the sound of a horn, its notes clear and low, rang over the water. Sandhill cranes, ponderously beautiful, circled and began slowing in their flight. Their feathers creaked on the air as they wheeled and soared. Their plumage of pale ash and blue mingled with the colors of the evening sky as their great wings beat on the air. One by one they dropped on long, slender legs into the water. When the last of them had landed and floated lightly on the water, Tomo-chi-chi said: "I had a dream about them. In my dream, they flew twice. Once to tell





me of a man who is to come and once to tell me of a man who is no more on this earth." He looked over at Mary. "The first man comes soon, I think."

Mary never doubted the old *mico's* words. Tomo-chi-chi had dreams and visions and knew the ways of wild things and how to read the messages they sent. There was a sacred man in the tribe whose name was Postubee, who saw things in the smoke and who spoke with the Grandfathers. Mary believed Postubee and she believed Tomo-chi-chi. They were both wise men. She wondered who the man was who would come and where he would come from.

The tiny fire was a pinprick in the surrounding darkness. There were no lights to be seen anywhere. Gradually though, you could see the phosphorescence in the sea, green and glowing. Stars bloomed against the night sky, and occasionally Tomo-chi-chi, Tooanahowie, and Mary would watch as a shooting star fell in an arc from the heavens.

*The River is pretty wide, the water fresh, and from the  
Key of the Town, you see its whole course to the sea.*

—James Edward Oglethorpe  
in a letter to the Trustees

*T*omo-chi-chi stood on the high bluff overlooking the shining river. Behind him, the ancient forest with its moss-draped trees was shadowy and deep. A slight breeze ruffled the surface of the water and stirred the feathers of his matchcoat, which was fashioned from the feathers of a hundred birds.

From the nearby woods came the sound of people moving, a faint rustle, like leaves blown by the wind. Below them, a piragua carrying a crew of four and two passengers came up river from South Carolina to the foot of the bluff. A piragua was larger than a canoe and was made of cypress or cedar logs cut in half lengthwise. There were fitted endpieces fixed between the two halves while sideboards were placed atop the gunwales. A square stern was decked with a cabin beneath while another, smaller deck was built in the sharp bow. The piragua skimmed lightly over the water, the Indian oars-

men powering the sturdy craft with Yamassee strokes of one long, then one short, stroke for speed.

On both sides of the river the land rose into high cliffs crowned with ancient trees. Birdsong was sweet, the clear notes sounding in ripples and trills. The mingled scent of flowers and leaves was blown out to the river where the reflection of the land shimmered in the quiet water. Yellow jasmine looped the trees like the decorations on a birthday cake.

James Oglethorpe looked toward the land. Would it offer what England had taken from the people who would follow him? Some of the new settlers in his care had spent time in debtor's prison. Some were well-to-do merchants, but all had suffered some loss of personal freedom.

At forty-four years of age, James Edward Oglethorpe was in the prime of his life. Tall and handsome, he was the last child and third son of Sir Theophilus, a major general in the British service. Oglethorpe had come to the new world by a long and involved route. When his army career had ended with the beginning of peace in 1718, he had returned to his family estate of Westbrook, in Godalming. There he entered politics, and in 1722 was elected to Parliament. Then something happened that changed his life. One day he received a letter from an old friend, Robert Castell. It was delivered from Fleet Prison in London.

Robert Castell was a likable, social young man and a successful architect. He lived beyond his means, as have many young men since a social world was discovered. Indebted to his creditors and unable to pay, he was thrown into prison. After many months he managed to bribe a guard to deliver a message to Oglethorpe.



James Oglethorpe read the message with disbelief. Things like this just didn't happen to one's friends. While Oglethorpe and Castell had been out of touch for awhile, Oglethorpe had assumed that his friend was out of the country or enjoying his social life. Instead his friend was ill and in prison. Oglethorpe went to visit his friend.

The prison was a scene from a nightmare. It was horrible beyond Oglethorpe's wildest imaginings. The room into which he was shown was dark and filthy, the stench so foul that he gagged upon entering. The walls dripped with slime. Rats scuttled in the corners, standing on back feet, watching and waiting with bright eyes. The ward, as it was called, was set aside for smallpox victims.

Oglethorpe went from one poor ragged bundle of humanity to the next until he finally found his friend. Robert Castell lay on a pile of filthy rags, his face and body ravaged with the pox. Kneeling, Oglethorpe watched helplessly as his friend died. Later, after bribing the guards, he managed to arrange a decent burial for Castell.

On his way out of the prison he heard screams coming from the lower regions, bouncing off the walls and then slowly dying away. When he asked about them, he was told by the guard, "Them's the dungeons. They throw the dead 'uns down there."

"But the screams. I thought you said they were dead," said Oglethorpe.

"They are," said the guard, lighting the way to the door leading to the outside. "Except for 'im. He's Bainbridge's pet. He's dead and don't know it."

When he left the prison, Oglethorpe asked the House Committee of Parliament for an appointment to investigate the prison sys-



tem in England. After a thorough investigation, he made three reports. He told of the terrible conditions at the prisons and of his friend's death. He spoke so eloquently that in 1730 the Debtor's Act was adopted in England. For the first time debtors were allowed some rights. Oglethorpe then proposed his plan. He, along with nineteen other men who were concerned for the welfare of the people, persuaded King George II to grant lands for the "settling of poor persons of London." These men, called Trustees, were responsible for the plan to create a haven for the poor and oppressed and for any honest men and women who wanted to start a new life in a new land.

At the time, a buffer was needed along the Carolina coast to protect it from Spain. The plan was that Oglethorpe would lead the new colonists to the new world. Enlisting the help of his friend John Percival, the Earl of Egmont, Oglethorpe made plans to establish a new colony—Georgia.

James Oglethorpe's vision became a reality. He had brought a group of men, women, and children from England to settle in a new place. He had promised them a new way of life. He intended that they receive it. The next question was, Would they be welcomed?

The sailor eased the piragua onto the beach and began to secure the boat. Looking up at the bluff, the young man saw a group of Indians standing silently above them. Startled, he said something to the others. Oglethorpe glanced up, his attention caught by a flutter of red in the sunlight. Stepping out onto the sands, he told the others to wait for him. Alone, he began the long climb to the top of the bank. As Oglethorpe walked from dense shade into sud-

den sunlight, his wig gleamed silver and the buttons on his deep blue coat burned and glittered. He smiled at the assembled group and made a low bow.

“On behalf of His Royal Majesty, King George II, I extend greetings,” he said, wondering if there was any one who could understand one word he said.

Mary Musgrove stepped forward as Tomo-chi-chi’s interpreter. She curtsied, then welcomed him to Savannah Town on behalf of the Creeks. Her bright red petticoat barely covered her feet.

Down below the bluffs, William Bull of South Carolina, who had accompanied Oglethorpe from Port Royal, waited for a signal from Oglethorpe. At his signal Bull joined him; and when the introductions were complete, they were invited by Tomo-chi-chi to visit the lodge and smoke the pipe of peace.

The lodge house was smoky and warm, the air pungent with the scent of burning herbs and pine, and of fur and tobacco. When the pipe of peace had been smoked and prayers to the Grandfathers invoked, two warriors entered the smoke-filled room. They carried conch shells filled with the sacred black drink. Tomo-chi-chi and his second man drank first, then the shells were passed to the others especially chosen. Nearby, the Beloved Women sat watching, Senawki among them. Mary sat with the men, her role as interpreter allowing her an honored place.

Oglethorpe explained his mission to Tomo-chi-chi. He told of his plans for the new colony and what it would mean in terms of freedom and peace for the settlers. Permission first would have to be obtained from the other Creek tribes, but Tomo-chi-chi offered his friendship, pledged his support for the new mission, and offered the use of land to the colonists.





Mary Musgrove was offered a job as interpreter for Oglethorpe at a salary of two hundred pounds a year. And so the talks began. Tomo-chi-chi, the man of peace from one of the "white" towns of peace, and the man from England with a message of peace began a talk and a friendship that was to last the lifetimes of both men. Tomo-chi-chi, whose *tal'wa* was peace, offered new life to the settlers. The talks, which began in a rough lodge in an ancient forest, would continue in palaces in England. Tomo-chi-chi, the warrior with words, would speak with kings and queens, bishops and archbishops, professors and students in his role as spokesman and diplomat for his people.

Could this man, old before the nation was young, bring about a peaceful establishment of a new colony in a new land? His message went out to the other chiefs. Tomo-chi-chi himself welcomed the English. Would his eloquence be enough to convince his people to do the same?

*Has Heaven reserved, in pity to the poor, no pathless  
waste, or undiscovered shore?*

—Samuel Johnson  
London

February 12, 1733, was warm and sunny, a pleasant change for people used to England's wet and weary winters. The passengers from the *Anne* struggled up the banks and on to the clearing where they were welcomed by the band of Yamacraw. The Indians welcomed them with gifts of food—fresh venison, fish and bread, dried fruits, and root vegetables.

The following morning, supplies were issued to the new families from the Crown: a frying pan, an iron pot, three wooden bowls, a Bible, and the Book of Common Prayer.

The Indians showed the English how to construct small shelters of logs, roofed with palmetto fronds to keep out the rain. By nightfall of the first day, the women and children were sleeping in shelters. Campfires dotted the deep night like fireflies.

The rains began a few days later, but they were soft and gentle



and did nothing to dampen the spirits of the new arrivals. Oglethorpe was overseeing the construction of a dock and a crane to take care of unloading the goods that would soon be arriving from England.

Sawyers and carpenters arrived from the Carolinas along with other craftsmen and laborers. Houses and public buildings were being constructed. The smell of sawdust and woodsmoke drifted over the settlement.

In March raw winds from the sea howled and blew around the tiny houses, chilling the occupants and sending smoke billowing into the rooms. Then, when the ground had warmed, fields were cleared and planted in Indian corn. The Indians showed the settlers how to plant vegetables; the “three sisters”—corn, squash, and beans—were grown in every garden. They also showed the settlers how to catch fish in the maze-like traps made of bamboo and reeds. Along the coast young men and women speared the flounders hidden in the soft sands.

In May there was a meeting between the various chiefs of the Creek tribes to discuss the use of the land by the English. While Tomo-chi-chi had given his permission, it was not his decision alone. Fifty braves, representing eight tribes, began arriving in Savannah. A meeting place was chosen and the preparations begun.

The morning dawned bright and warm. The field for *chungke* was given a final smoothing by some of the young braves, and a circle was cleared for dancing. Indian cradles swung from low branches, and young children tumbled and played on quilts laid in the shade of the live oaks.

Great shanks of venison turned slowly on spits, the juices dripping onto the coals and sending up spurts of flame and fragrant

smoke. Tables had been set up under the trees, and the scent of honeysuckle sweetened the air.

The dress of the people gathered for the meeting was as varied as the people themselves. Indians wore feathers and bright beads, some decorating their faces in scarlet and white paint, others wearing the pale buff of deerskin. The women of the colony dressed according to their former status in England, Italy, or Germany. Young girls wore muslin while their mothers were dressed in more elaborate brocades. Looking like starlings among peacocks, indentured servant girls moved among the tables in dull blues and browns.

Carolina Rangers, who were the lawmen, wore brightly checked shirts and coonskin caps. They were a tough group of men, hardened by living in the wilderness and patrolling the areas between the Carolina borders and the new colony. Carolina was particularly interested in seeing that the new colony was settled with a minimum of problems. Acting as a buffer between the Spaniards and Carolina, Savannah would make trade less hazardous for the wealthy owners of shipping companies established in Charlestown.

After the customary gifts had been distributed, a young Creek brave moved through the crowd, entered the clearing, and sat in the shade of a tree. Kneeling, he began tapping lightly on a small drum, the sound as muted and soft as a barely heard heartbeat. Then another brave entered the clearing. He wore a cap of white swansdown and a breechclout. Around his legs hung strings of beads and shells that jingled as he moved. He carried a fan of swan's feathers decorated with tiny bells that rang gently with each movement of the spread fan.

The brave began his dance slowly, his movements punctuated by

the drum. Moving slowly around the center of the clearing, his feet made no sound at all in their soft moccasins. Only the sound of the bells and the beat of the drum disturbed the quiet. The setting sun gilded the feathers with gold and threw long shadows across the faces of the people. Going over to Oglethorpe, the brave touched his shoulders lightly with the feathers—a sign of peace and friendship.

When the dance ended, the pipe of peace was smoked and the final treaty signed. The English were granted the rights to the islands off the coast from Tybee to St. Simon's except for "the sacred hunting islands of Ossabaw, Sapelo, and St. Catherine's," which remained for Indian use. The lands between Pipemaker's Bluff and Pally-Chuckola Creek were also reserved for Indian use whenever they chose to visit. Then agreements were drawn up regarding the regulation of prices of goods, value of furs, and privileges of traders. Hillisipilli, Tomo-chi-chi's second man, spoke for the Indians, promising that the English "which shall settle among us shall not be robbed or molested in their trade in our Nation. That if it shall so happen that any of our people should be mad, and either kill, beat, wound, or rob any of the English traders or their people, then we, the said Head Men of the towns aforesaid do engage to have justice done to the English, and for that purpose to deliver up any of our people who shall be guilty of the crimes aforesaid, to be tried by the English law, or by laws of our Nation, as the beloved man of the Trustees shall think fit."

They then promised not to have any business with the Spanish or French and "to keep the talk in our hearts as long as the sun shall shine or the waters run in the rivers. We have each of us set down the mark of our families." The Indians then granted the En-





glish the use of all lands lying between the Savannah and Altamaha rivers, "from the ocean to the head of tide water, or as far up as the tide ebbs and flows."

One night, not long after this, a small group of Yamacraws paid a visit to the lodge of Tomo-chi-chi. They were upset that the lands that had been given to the English to use were now being used only by the English. One of the men told Tomo-chi-chi that the English believed that they now "owned" the lands. Was this what the *mico* had in mind when he allowed them to settle? Indians felt that the land was sacred, and should be cared for and respected but not "owned." Land was not for an individual to use, but for everyone to share. The earth was considered the mother of life, and some tribes refused to plow for fear of harming the earth-mother. Even today some tribes remove the shoes of horses and wear only soft moccasins in the spring because of the tradition that the earth is pregnant with new life and must be treated tenderly.

The Indians believed that spiritual forces joined human beings to all other living things. They were afraid that these forces would be disturbed by the settlers, because they plowed the earth with metal and felled trees in great numbers.

Tomo-chi-chi, however, allowed the English to settle near Yamacraw because they had something he wanted. It was something he had wanted for his people ever since he had become aware of the value of reading and writing. He wanted books or "talking leaves" to open the mysteries to his people. He would allow the English to settle the lands, and in return they would give his people the ability to read and write.

Mary Musgrove had taught Tooanahowie how to read and write,



and now Tomo-chi-chi wanted it for all the children. He decided to build a school where the children would be taught. Words were the answer. Words made you strong without weapons. Until his people could read and write, they were at the mercy of the Spanish, French, and English. The white people wrote down laws and rules. Tomo-chi-chi wanted his people to be able to do the same.

If there were no words, there would be no story told of the Creeks and their time upon the earth. They and their deeds would pass away into dust, and only memories would remain. That was not enough.

*Words are no return for kindness. For good words may  
be spoken by the deceitful, as well as by the upright  
heart.*

—Tomo-chi-chi

*T*oanahowie led the way into the deep woods, past the tall bay and magnolia trees to the open area where young mulberry saplings grew in profusion. Mockingbirds flew through the trees, the underside of their wings bright in the dense shade. The rich, purple berries of the trees were a favorite food.

A party of young men, both Creek and English, had come to dig up the fledgling trees on the leaves of which the silkworms would feed. Thousands of mulberry trees would be moved to the public gardens and also to the property of each landholder in the town. Each settler was required to plant, within a given time, one hundred mulberry trees on every ten acres that was cleared. Silk production was to be Savannah's major industry. Everyone was to be involved.

In May, at a public meeting, Oglethorpe announced the plan of the town—how it was to be laid out, the names of the squares and

the streets. A series of squares would be built throughout the town, and filled with trees and flowers.

The first square, named Johnson Square, would have a sundial at its center. The streets laid out were Abercorn, Drayton, Bull, and Whitaker—all running north and south. Bay, Bryan, and St. Julian intersected them at right angles. Crushed oyster shells paved the narrow streets, and shops were soon opened for business.

The town was quickly becoming a haven for the persecuted and a place of hope for the poor. The *James* was the first ship to arrive with passengers at the new dock since the arrival of the first settlers on board the *Anne*. Captain James Yoakley discharged a load of passengers from Italy and received the prize for the first ship to unload at Savannah. It was recorded on May 20, 1733: "The *James*, Captain Yoakley, 110 tons and 6 guns, arrived here on the 14th with passengers and stores."

As a protection against invaders, a small fort was constructed at Thunderbolt and several families built homes there. A lighthouse was begun near the northern end of Tybee Island and a guard posted. The Moravians, led by Count Zinzendorf, arrived in Georgia from Bavaria and settled on five hundred acres along the Savannah River.

The town progressed slowly in the absence of machinery. One by one, frame houses were built. To the east of the town, the public garden was laid out, one half of it on the top of a hill overlooking the river and the distant islands. Part of the garden was a grove of the ancient trees that were left standing. Among them were tulip trees, magnolias, live oaks, pines, and sassafras. The garden was laid out with crosswalks planted in orange trees. At the bottom of the garden, protected from the north winds, were exotic plants,

such as coffee, bamboo, and an odd plant, a palma christi, which was brought from the West Indies.

The town hall was being built on the banks above the river. A site was chosen for the church and a small plot of ground for a cemetery.

Under the conduct of Baron Philip George Frederick Von Reck, a party of seventy-eight Salzburger arrived in Georgia from Austria. They were welcomed at Charlestown by Oglethorpe, who chanced to be there on business. In his journal the baron wrote that "Mr. Oglethorpe sent on board our ship by the Pilot's sloop, a large quantity of fresh beef, two butts of wine, two tunns of spring water, cabbage, turnips, radishes, fruits, etc., as a present from the Trustees to refresh the Salzburger after their long voyage." Three days later, on Reminiscere Sunday, according to the Lutheran calendar, they docked at Savannah. They later settled the town of Springfield, in Effingham County. Again in his journal, Baron Von Reck wrote that "The earth is so fertile that it will bring forth anything that can be sown or planted in it."

On his visit to the town of Savannah, the baron was much impressed. He visited the four wards into which the town had been divided and also visited the public garden. He described the town as a "happy place where plenty and brotherly love seem to make their abode, and where the good order of a nightly watch restrains the disorderly."

Oglethorpe planned a trip to England, and he asked Tomo-chi-chi to go with him. When told about the upcoming journey, Tooanahowie couldn't believe it. He'd never been on a big ship before, never been anywhere except Coweta. Tomo-chi-chi, Senawki, Tooanahowie, Hillispilli, Stimaulki, and two other Creek

braves would accompany Oglethorpe to England. Mary Musgrove was going too, to act as interpreter.

Tooanahowie had been practicing his English and could now recite the Lord's Prayer. He could read from the Book of Common Prayer and knew several prayers by heart. He was on very good terms with both the spirits of the Grandfathers and of the English God and prayed to all of them. The more he thought about what a wonderful place the world was, the more excited he became. One day, shortly before leaving for England, he went to visit Mary. As he walked past the cow pens, he just couldn't stand it—he opened the gates and let them all out. But he got caught and had to round them up again. By the time he finished, a runner had appeared at Mary's house.

Her parents were gravely ill at Coweta, and she had to go to them. So her husband, John Musgrove, would act as interpreter on the trip to England. Tooanahowie was very disappointed.

They sailed from Charlestown on board the *Aldborough* on April 7, 1734. The voyage took seventy days. Since there were few passengers on board, Tooanahowie had the run of the ship and made the most of it. The sailors taught him how to navigate by the stars and to climb the rigging.

Tooanahowie watched as silver dolphins rode the bow wave, crossing and recrossing the bow of the ship, always running ahead; and the sailors told him that dolphins were good luck for ships. Once, on an evening when the wind was calm and the sky was pink and gold, he saw twin spouts off the starboard bow. Everyone ran to see as right whales appeared on the horizon. When they spouted, the vapors rose into the air in opalescent colors. Tomo-chi-chi, now eighty-four years old, said he'd never seen such a wondrous sight.



There were other sights, however, in store for them. When they arrived in London, they were not prepared for the sights that greeted them. Never had they seen so many people. So many horses and carriages and so much noise and confusion shocked them. People gathered around to stare and to touch them, and often strangers came up to them with gifts of flowers and food. Soon after their arrival, Tomo-chi-chi had his portrait painted with Tooanahowie. The old *mico* was very impressed with it.

There were houses that sold nothing but food or drink and other houses where people slept and ate. They heard bells for the first time—huge bells that tolled the hours of the day.

At a dinner party given in honor of Tomo-chi-chi, music was played on shining instruments. Everywhere they went the Creeks were treated with kindness. If they sometimes tired of people staring at them, their good manners kept them from showing it.

At first they stayed at Oglethorpe's estate at Godalming. Later they moved to rooms at Westminster, in London. Tomo-chi-chi and the others dressed carefully. They were on their way to visit the king and queen. Hillispilli painted his face black and white. Tomo-chi-chi and Senawki wore capes of scarlet and gold.

Three of the king's coaches, each drawn by six fine horses, took the Indians to Kensington Palace, where they would be presented to His Majesty, George II. Only Stimaulki, who was ill, did not attend.

At the door of the palace they were received by the king's bodyguard and then by the Duke of Grafton, who presented them to His Majesty. Tomo-chi-chi approached the throne. He was carrying three eagle's feathers.



"These are the feathers of the eagle which is the swiftest of birds, and who flieth all round our nations. These feathers are a sign of peace in our land, and have been carried from town to town there; and we have brought them over to leave with you as a sign of everlasting peace."

After the speeches had ended, Tooanahowie wanted to do something to please the queen, who had been kind to him. He recited the Lord's Prayer in English. She was so delighted that she hugged him and asked him to come back to see her again. Then the Prince of Wales presented a fine gold watch to Tooanahowie.

Later, the Georgia delegation was given a tour of the palace. They were impressed with the great size of the rooms. After walking up the grand staircase and back down again, Tomo-chi-chi looked around him and said, "You have carried me through a great many houses to make me believe that the King's house consisted of many houses. But I was surprised to find I returned by the same stairs I went up, by which I knew it was still but one house."

When the Creeks returned to their rooms at Westminster, they were given the bad news that Stimaulki was stricken with the pox. Three days later Tomo-chi-chi stood in a fine, misting rain at St. John's cemetery at Westminster. They were burying Stimaulki. His body had been sewn into two blankets with a deal board over and another under and lashed together with a cord.

Tomo-chi-chi, three of the other braves, the upper church warden, and the grave digger were the only people present. Suddenly the crowds had disappeared. People were afraid of the pox, so they stayed away. Tomo-chi-chi had forbidden Senawki and Tooanahowie to attend the burial for fear of the disease.



When the body was lowered into the grave, Tomo-chi-chi handed some of Stimaulki's possessions—beads and silver—to Hil-lisilli, who placed them in the grave. Tomo-chi-chi was saddened by his friend's death and by the fact that the man was so far from his home when he died. Stimaulki left behind a wife and two small daughters. After the funeral the Indians left for Oglethorpe's home, where they stayed for a time of mourning, as was their custom.

The king's horses stepped proudly through the crowded streets of London, their hoofs striking sharply on the cobblestones. Tomo-chi-chi looked out at the city where people turned to look at the carriage and its occupants. He had seen the great wealth at the palace, yet when he looked out, he could see ragged beggars on the streets. He had thought that all the English were rich and powerful. Why didn't the people share the riches? There were no Indian beggars.

The Creeks were on their way to Lambeth to meet the Archbishop of Canterbury. At first, when he learned of the archbishop, Tomo-chi-chi thought he might be a conjurer. The archbishop was evidently close to the Christian God and spoke for many people in his big house with the bells and steeples.

Tomo-chi-chi was ushered into a big room, and soon the doors opened. An old man was helped into the room by two men, one at each elbow. Out of respect for Tomo-chi-chi, the archbishop refused to sit so Tomo-chi-chi also stood as they talked. Tomo-chi-chi had planned to make a grand speech, but aware now of how frail the old man was, he spoke only briefly. Later Tomo-chi-chi met with some of the members of the clergy who were interested



in hearing his views on religion. Tomo-chi-chi later told Oglethorpe that he was much impressed with the archbishop's great age. It is an interesting statement when you consider that he himself was over eighty years old at the time.

Before he left England, Tomo-chi-chi paid a visit to Eton College. When he spoke to the assembled students, he said that he thought they should be given a holiday. They cheered the old *mico* at the end of his speech. As he walked through the dark, panelled halls, the oak walls of which had been carved with the initials of students for many years, he ran his finger over their names. He told one student that touching the wood brought back pictures of the students in the minds of those who touched the names.

A meeting was held with the Trustees to discuss the agreement of trade between the Creeks and the English. The treaty signed earlier in the new colony was not always being honored. The Creeks were paying more than twice for goods what the whites were paying, and they were being cheated in the way the goods were weighed and measured. Tomo-chi-chi wanted to know why.

As Tomo-chi-chi explained the problems with the traders, he waited for John Musgrove to interpret his words. From the one end of the great table, he signalled to John to begin. There was silence. Looking up, Tomo-chi-chi at first thought that John was ill. Perhaps the pox? Then he realized that John Musgrove was not going to be of much help. He was too drunk to speak. Furious, Tomo-chi-chi rose and left the room. He was very angry, but too polite to criticize John in front of the other men. If Mary had come this would never have happened, he told Oglethorpe.

When the talks resumed, the problem of weights and measures was settled to Tomo-chi-chi's satisfaction. The English later paid

John Musgrove one hundred pounds for his services, but they too were disgusted at his behavior. Most of the time he was too drunk to be of much help.

Tomo-chi-chi decided it was time to return to his own people. The Creeks had been in England for four months, and Tomo-chi-chi was afraid that the visit was costing the English too much money; he asked that his group be given passage on the next ship bound for Georgia. He was also homesick for his native land and eager to see what was happening in his village.

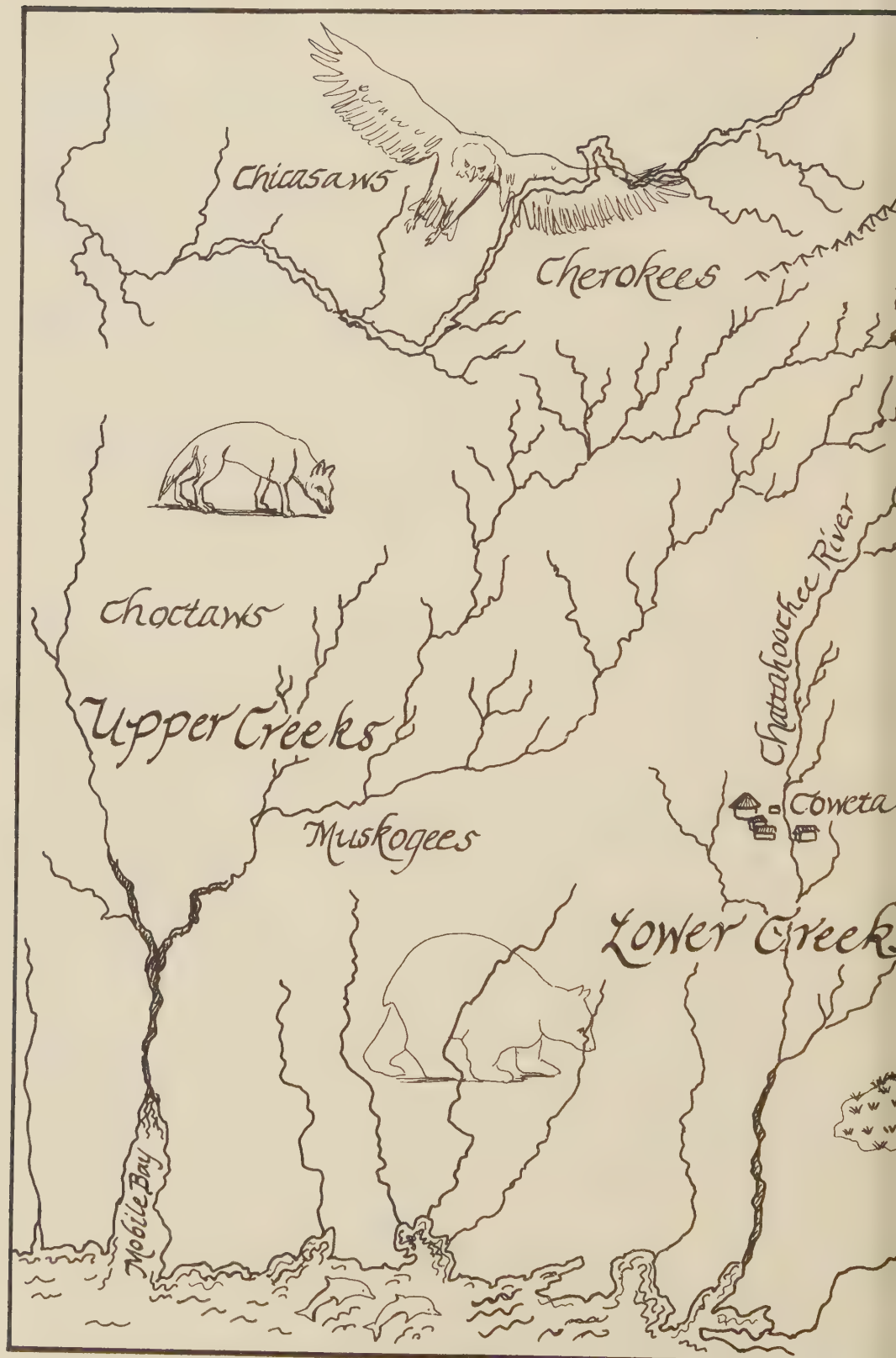
Before the ship sailed, Tomo-chi-chi and Senawki arranged to have the furs that they had brought with them delivered to the Trustees. In his journal Sir John Percival makes this note:

"A present received of 25 buckskins,  
One tyger skin

And six Boufler skins from Tomo-chi-chi to the Trustees." It couldn't have been a tiger skin since there were never any tigers in Georgia, so it must have been a wildcat or a panther that Sir John recorded.

On October 31, 1734, the Indians sailed for Georgia on board the *Princess of Wales*. Also on board were twenty-seven English and fifty-seven Salzburgers. After the voyage Captain Dunbar wrote in his log: "We arrived here in Georgia all cheerful and in good health. The Indians behaved with the accustomed modesty, as did also the Salzburgers, who are a sober and pious people, and gave much less trouble than I expected."

Oglethorpe remained in England, trying to raise monies and troops to protect the new colony from Spain, which threatened war ever louder.



# LAND of the CREEKS



Scale of Miles  $69\frac{1}{2}$  to a Degree  
0 10 20 30 40 50 60 80 100

Colony of South Carolina  
Savannah River



Ogeechee River

yamassee

Savannah

Yamacraw

Tybee I.

Wassaw I.

Ossabaw I.

St. Catherine's I.

Sapelo I.

St. Simons I.

Jekyll I.

Cumberland I.

Amelia I.

Great Satilla River

Altamaha River

St. Mary's River

Okefenokee  
Swamp

Florida Territory

Seminoles



*We believe there are four Beloved Things above; the  
Clouds, the Sun, the Clear Sky, and He that lives in  
the Clear Sky.*

—Postubee, a Holy Man

**B**ack in Georgia, Tomo-chi-chi gathered together various Creek *micos* and a group of Cherokee chiefs to meet at Yamacraw and then to see the new town of Savannah. He told them of his visit to England and about the long sea voyage. He asked them to continue their friendship with the English and to observe the obligations of the existing treaties.

"The English are a generous nation," Tomo-chi-chi said. "And will trade with us on the most honorable and advantageous terms. They are our brothers and friends and we should protect them against danger and go with them to war against their enemies."

Tomo-chi-chi showed them the many gifts that he and the others had received in England, in particular a gilt tobacco box that had been a gift from John Percival. It was his favorite gift.

The Indians had made such a good impression in England, and had so awakened the interest of the public, that Oglethorpe and

the Trustees were able to gain sympathy and support for the new colony. Savannah became a real place to them. They had met the Indians and were much taken by them. Soon after the Yamacraw meeting, Tomo-chi-chi had a letter sent to the Trustees.

On the inside of a neatly dressed buffalo skin, figures were drawn in red and black. The figures gave an account of the history of the Indians, how they came to be on this earth, how they were created out of this earth. The Indians used figures in much the same way that the ancient Egyptians used hieroglyphics, pictures that explained a meaning. The letter also told of the thanks of the Creeks and the Cherokees for the courtesies extended by the English to Tomo-chi-chi and his companions. It told too of their admiration for James Oglethorpe and the British Kingdom. Contained within the drawing was the message: "Some men have more knowledge than others, but let them remember the strong and the weak must one day become dirt alike." When the Trustees received the skin, they had it framed and hung in the Georgia office at Westminster.

Not all had gone smoothly while Tomo-chi-chi and Oglethorpe were away. Although Oglethorpe had forbidden the sale of rum in the new colony, there was always someone who would bring it in from Carolina, where spirits were allowed.

A young Creek man died from drinking bad rum. A week later two Creek men were badly beaten after they had bought bad rum from Joseph Watson, a dishonest trader. The Creeks were upset and prepared to take matters into their own hands.

Under the treaty signed in 1733, the Creeks had agreed to abide by the laws of England in matters between the Indians and the settlers. The settlers, and particularly the English traders, did not

always honor this treaty. Some of the Creeks wanted revenge and threatened to kill Watson. When they went to Tomo-chi-chi, he reminded them of the treaty and suggested that they first try to see that justice was done by the English officials in Savannah. If the English would not honor the treaty, Tomo-chi-chi agreed that the Creeks should take matters into their own hands.

Upon hearing the complaint, officials in Savannah promised that justice would be served. A warrant was issued for Watson's arrest. Soon he was captured and held in jail. Later he was tried, convicted, and punished for his crimes. Again violence was averted by Tomo-chi-chi's wisdom and patience.

In England Oglethorpe resumed his seat in Parliament. He secured the passage of two bills. One bill was the act to prohibit the importation and sale of rum, brandy, and other distilled liquors within the limits of Georgia. The other bill forbade the introduction of slavery into the new colony. Both of these bills received royal sanction. It was now the law—there would be no rum and there would be no slavery in the colony of Georgia.

While Oglethorpe was in England trying to raise funds and an army for Georgia, more ships began arriving in Georgia. South of Savannah, the village of Highgate was laid out and settled by twelve French families. And to the east the village of Hampstead was settled by twelve German families. Captain McPherson and his Rangers had been stationed just above Yamacraw Bluff on a point on the river known as the Horse Quarter.

On February 5, 1736, Oglethorpe returned to Savannah. With him on board was John Wesley, a young English preacher who had come to the new colony to convert the Indians to Christianity. Wes-

ley had no idea just how he was going to do this, and he probably never questioned whether the Indians wanted to be converted. One of Wesley's first requests was to meet with Tomo-chi-chi.

With exquisite courtesy Tomo-chi-chi welcomed the young man. Upon being told by Wesley that he wished to speak to the Indians about converting, Tomo-chi-chi explained that so far the Indians were not very impressed with some of the things they had seen Christians do. Nevertheless, Tomo-chi-chi invited a group of Creeks and Cherokees to hear John Wesley speak. When they were all seated and the introductions had been made, John Wesley began to question the old *mico*. Little did Wesley know how much enjoyment Tomo-chi-chi felt at these question and answer sessions.

"What do you think you were made for?" asked Wesley.

"He that is above," said Tomo-chi-chi, "knows what He made us for. We know nothing. We are in the dark." He settled back and lighted his clay pipe. The smoke was fragrant and encircled his head. This was going to be interesting. He loved talking with the English. This one was young, but it still might be interesting.

Wesley smiled, obviously pleased at the old *mico's* answer.

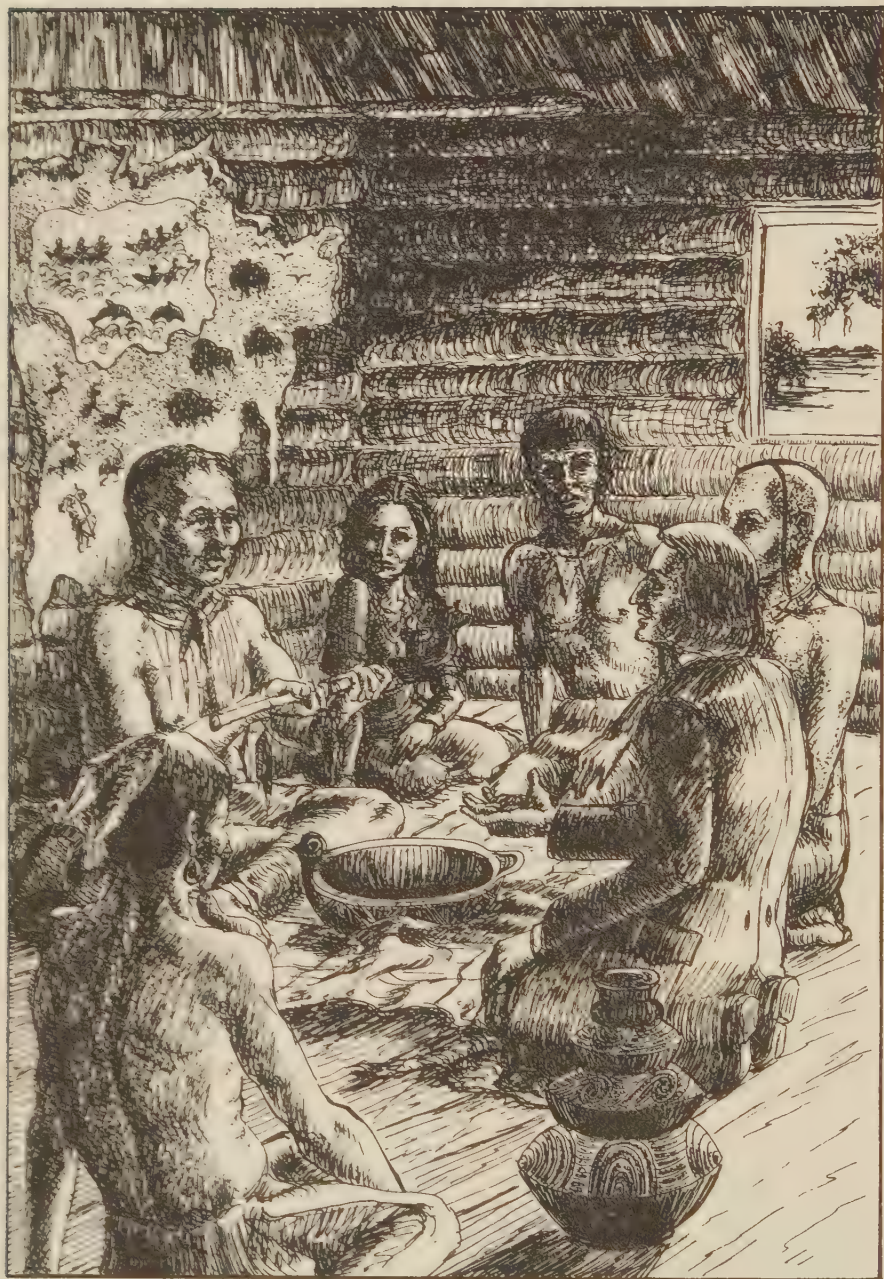
"White men know much," said Tomo-chi-chi, "yet they build great houses as if they were going to live forever. But white men cannot live forever. In a little time, white men will be dust as well as I."

"We have a large book that teaches that men should not build up treasures on earth," said Wesley.

"Indians do not," said Tomo-chi-chi. "Only white men do that."

They talked for a long time. Sometimes the others joined in the conversation. But after awhile Tomo-chi-chi grew annoyed. It was as though the sacred beliefs of his own people counted for nothing.





Why did all men have to be Christians? Why were the Grand-fathers not respected by the whites? Finally Wesley asked Tomo-chi-chi why he didn't convert.

"Why," said the old *mico*. "These are Christians at Savannah! Christians at Frederica! Christians get drunk! Christians beat men! Christians tell lies! I am no Christian!"

Wesley tried to make peace. He began asking more politely about the Indian beliefs.

"Do you often think and talk of the Beloved Ones?"

"We think of them always, wherever we are. We talk of them and to them, at home and abroad, in peace, in war, before and after we fight. And indeed, whenever and wherever we meet together," said Tomo-chi-chi.

John Wesley never learned the Muskogean language; therefore it was almost impossible for him to communicate with the Indians in a meaningful way. In the end Wesley devoted himself to work among the settlers, and later he began classes for children, creating the first Sunday schools in the colony. Before he returned to England, he founded the Methodist Episcopal Church in the new world.

Wesley's dream of converting the Indians did not come true, but one of Tomo-chi-chi's dreams became a reality. He began building the Indian school he had planned for so long. He chose the site of the ancient burial mounds, and construction was begun on the school that he named "Irene."

Irene was built of clay and clapboard. Its outer walls were smooth and thick, and the inner walls were covered with boards of fragrant *wisso*. Long benches lined the walls and were covered with soft furs. In a place of honor hung a portrait of Oglethorpe and a

picture of the Great Lion of England, which had been a gift to the Creeks from the Trustees.

When the school was finished, Tomo-chi-chi invited Chigelley, Malatchi, and some of the other Creek *micos* to a dedication ceremony. When Chigelley saw the school where the children would be taught, he was pleased. The children would learn to read the "talking leaves." He told Tomo-chi-chi that "Perhaps the time is now come when all our children are to be taught learning."

Malatchi added, "If I had twenty children, I would have them all taught."

*Everything that happens in this world is as it should be; that God of Himself will do for everyone what is consistent with the good of the whole; and that our duty to Him is to be content with whatever happens in general, and thankful for all that happens in particular.*

—Tomo-chi-chi  
An extract of the Reverend  
Mr. John Wesley's Journal

**I**n March, Tomo-chi-chi and Oglethorpe left Savannah with a party of forty Creeks for the offshore islands. The scout boats darted like dragonflies over the twisting inlets and waterways of the islands that for centuries had been unexplored and uninhabited. Herons and sandhill cranes watched from the marshes as the boats passed. A raccoon, his bandit face curious, darted into the brush. Alligator nests, like low tents, were built along the water's edge. As the boats approached, one of the great beasts would waddle into the water, leaving a wake in the green water.

The men rowed past swamps where cypress trees, their branches alive with birds, cast feathery shadows on the trembling earth. Parakeets, bright as jewels, darted from one tree to another in pairs and flocks. Tomo-chi-chi told Oglethorpe that the birds fed on the seeds of the cypress and nested in the hollows of the trunks during the cold months. Tomo-chi-chi, Oglethorpe, and the Creeks were



on their way to Darien, where they were to meet up with a company of thirty Highlanders under the command of Captain Hugh Mackay. After traveling to Cumberland Island, where Fort St. Andrew was established, some ten Highlanders and as many Creeks remained. The rest of the party, including Tomo-chi-chi, Oglethorpe, and Tooanahowie, left for Amelia Island.

The fire was a mere pinprick in the darkness. Sand dunes provided some protection from the seaside of the island, and on the other side lay the deep forests and swamps of the unknown. For two hundred miles the party of Highlanders and Creeks had traveled, never seeing another human being. They sloshed through seemingly endless twisting canals that wound through miles of marsh and cypress into the heart of Spanish-held territory. At night they rested under open skies. And when it rained, as it did frequently, they fashioned rough shelters of boughs and palmetto branches, which kept off some of the rain.

Tomo-chi-chi, Oglethorpe, and the Creeks had traveled from Cumberland Island to Amelia and from St. Simon's to Jekyll. They approached the settlement, and were spotted by the Scots who wore full Highland dress. The Highlanders were in bright and colorful plaids with swords and claymores that shone in the sun. The sounds of Scottish bagpipes rang out over the broad savannas, startling the blue herons into sudden flight.

The expedition then continued south along the Georgia coast toward lands claimed by the Spanish. As the boats moved through the waters, Tomo-chi-chi pointed out different sights to Oglethorpe and Mackay.

Water moccasins sunned themselves on low branches. The Indians watched, moving carefully to avoid an unwanted visitor in the

boat. Great tortoises drifted through the green waters looking like huge stones. Manatees were seen occasionally in the clear waters of inlets, their massive bodies moving slowly in great circles.

Oglethorpe had chosen the place for his military base at Frederica. There a battery of cannon was mounted, ditches dug, and a rampart raised and covered with earth. Smoke drifted out to sea as the tall grasses were burned off, and the island became a fortress in the wilderness of swamp and marsh.

Some time later, after viewing the southernmost lands, Oglethorpe told Tomo-chi-chi that he feared war with Spain was close. And even though he hated war the old *mico* pledged his help should war come. One night the small company camped on an island, and as they were preparing the evening meal, there was a faint chime. Toanahowie took out his gold watch. England seemed a world away now.

In May Oglethorpe asked Tomo-chi-chi to supply troops to strengthen Fort Frederica. A party of Spanish commissioners was expected to visit, and Oglethorpe wanted them to believe that the new colony and its outlying forts were well defended against attack. Tomo-chi-chi agreed to help. A plan was worked out to reinforce the forts along the coast, and defending them were some strange-looking soldiers.

The light glinted and sparkled on the water as the piragua moved lightly toward the white shores of St. Simon's Island. A heavy fog blanketed the coast. Through the mist the sun was a white ball and the morning was already hot.

Offshore, the ship *Hawk* rode at anchor with the Spanish commissioners on board. Oglethorpe had made his decision to greet

them at St. Simon's rather than at Frederica. He didn't want them to see the small and ill-prepared fort.

Oglethorpe waited off the coast to greet his visitors. He had only seven men with him, but had arranged with Tomo-chi-chi and Malatchi to have a backup of Creek warriors should they be needed. There was also a party of Highlanders, "some of the genteelest," as Oglethorpe had requested. He intended a good show for his guests. Oglethorpe would present the strongest, best-looking Creek warriors, the boldest Highlanders, and his own mounted guard to greet the commissioners. At the time of the presentation, volleys would be fired with orders of fire, reload, and fire again, given to make it appear that there were far more troops than there actually were. He hoped for the effect of the sound carrying over the water and echoing back to produce a grand show of strength.

The Spaniards had been warned that the area was filled with angry Indians, and only with great difficulty were they being restrained from attacking the ship. The *Hawk* moved slowly up the river. On board the men strained to see the forts through the heavy fog. They could see only vague outlines of soldiers posted along the route. Suddenly cannons exploded sharply, and the smell of gunpowder drifted out to them at sea. Guns were fired into the air, and arrows flew through the air like birds. It appeared that hundreds of troops were defending the fort. The Spaniards couldn't understand it. They had been told that the English were short of troops and that the forts were practically deserted.

What they couldn't see was that inside the forts the men were dashing from one side to the other, firing, and then dashing to another spot to fire again. One young Highlander ran from one







cannon to another, doing all the firing himself. The Creeks shouted war whoops and shot their weapons into the air.

The show was a complete success. When the ship was out of sight, the troops began patting one another on the back, laughing, and cheering. Then they went around collecting the “extra” soldiers from the fields and marshes. They had stuck sticks into the ground, and had arranged coats and caps over them to look like soldiers. The scarecrows had worked. The truth was that less than one hundred men—including Rangers, Indians, and soldiers—had made up the army.

On the morning of May 18 Oglethorpe and seven of his men were rowed out to the *Hawk*. He presented himself to the Spanish commissioners as His Majesty’s representative. Nearby a man-of-war was moored. Already on board, the Highlanders—replete with broadswords, targets, and plaids—were assembled on deck. On the opposite side a detachment of independent company in regimentals stood at attention. Spanish sailors manned the shrouds and kept sentry with drawn cutlasses at the cabin door.

After dinner the Spanish commissioners drank to the health of King George II and of the royal family. Then they toasted the health of the king and queen of Spain. Cannons were fired and were answered by heavy fire from the island. Presents of snuff, chocolates, and wine were made by the commissioners, who in return were given presents of butter, cheese, fresh meat, and fruit. Then Malatchi, Tomo-chi-chi, Hillispilli, and thirty warriors, painted and dressed for war, boarded the *Hawk* and entered the captain’s cabin.

Startled, the commissioners watched as the Indians filed silently

into the cabin and stood, unmoving. For a moment no one spoke. The tension was strong; the very walls seemed to hold the anger that rose and fell in waves.

Hillispilli stepped forward. He demanded justice for past Spanish outrages against his people. As he spoke both commissioners, Montiano and Don Pedro, grew alarmed. This was not something they had expected.

Oglethorpe remained cool, giving the impression that it was only his strength and power over the Indians that kept them in control. Then he spoke. "Present these complaints to your governor," he said. "These men are loyal subjects of the Crown and demand satisfaction."

Then Tomo-chi-chi spoke. His timeless face was worthy of respect as he told of a brutal massacre committed by the Spaniards against the Creeks.

"When this thing happened," Tomo-chi-chi said, "we were gone with Colonel Oglethorpe to England. Had I been here, it would not have happened. For if I had been with my men, they would not have been surprised. All the chiefs were in England with the English, instead of on their own lands where they belonged." He was furious; the cords in his neck stood out like ropes as he waited for the translator to interpret his words to the commissioners. When they had understood, they made a motion to be allowed to speak. But Hillispilli spoke.

"Now," Hillispilli said, "we will go and find our enemies and kill them. You will go with me and you shall see how I punish them, but if you will not help me, I have many friends, enough who will go with me to revenge this murder." The Creeks shouted approval, and the noise in the cabin was deafening.

Don Pedro rose and addressed the Creeks: "The man's name who is guilty of this crime is Pohoia, the king of the Floridas. It was he who ordered the crimes. I promise that the Spanish Governor will secure him and punish him for his crimes."

And Malatchi said, "If we see this thing done, then we will believe you."

By this time Tomo-chi-chi had grown calmer and after whispered words with Oglethorpe, persuaded Hillisilli and the others to maintain control. He talked them out of violence, telling them that it was a matter of honor that they remain calm. Oglethorpe had invited them, and they could not strike a man in another man's home. The conference resulted in a temporary peace, which lasted about two years.

The Treaty of Frederica followed, in which it was agreed that neither Spain nor England would occupy the mouth of the St. John's River. But soon the Spaniards would tell the English that Oglethorpe and his settlers would have to leave Georgia. War was not far away.

Once again Oglethorpe left for England. He narrowly escaped shipwreck in the Bristol Channel, but reached London early in January 1737. Once there he and the Trustees petitioned the Crown for a "necessary supply of forces" to protect the colony.

An article appeared in *The London Post*, in which the reporter wrote that the "jealousy of the Spanish is excited and we are told that the Court has the modesty to demand from England that he [Oglethorpe] shall not be any longer employed. If this be the fact, as there is no doubt it is, we have a most undeniable proof that the Spaniards dread the abilities of Mr. Oglethorpe. It is, of course, a

glorious testimony to his merit, and a certificate of his patriotism that ought to endear him to every honest Briton."

In 1737, when he was forty-eight years old, Oglethorpe was named colonel of a new regiment of soldiers consisting of six companies of one hundred men each, exclusive of noncommissioned officers and musicians. A company of grenadiers was soon added. Oglethorpe was now general and commander in chief of His Majesty's forces in Carolina and Georgia. And war was imminent.

On a bright September morning in 1738, the sea sparkled like diamonds. Oglethorpe and his convoy had arrived at Jekyl Sound. With him were seven hundred men, women, and children in five transports convoyed by the men-of-war *Blandford* and *Hector*. The troops landed on the south end of St. Simon's Island. From the battery came the salute, the shots echoing over the wide beaches, the faint smoke drifting into the horizon.

Tomo-chi-chi had been very ill, but upon hearing that his old friend had returned to Savannah, got up from his sickbed. When he met Oglethorpe, Tomo-chi-chi told him that he was so glad to see him that it made him "moult like an eagle."

A delegation of Creeks went to Oglethorpe and told him that the Spaniards had invited a group of them to St. Augustine under the pretense that they would meet Oglethorpe there. When they discovered the lie, they returned. The Creeks then assured the general that they had come to testify to their loyalty to the Crown. They also said that the Creek Nation was prepared to send one thousand warriors to any point Oglethorpe chose, subject to his command. When the meeting ended, handsome presents were distributed and Oglethorpe was invited to visit their villages. He accepted the invitation, and the next day the Creeks returned to their homes.



*When we call into remembrance the then force of these tribes . . . surely we may proudly ask, what soldier ever gave higher proof of courage?*

—Hon. Thomas Spalding  
Collections of the  
Georgia Historical Society

*T*he year 1739 was heralded by sunspots. There were thunderstorms and winds from the sea, and a waterspout moved up the Savannah River. Colored lightning—pink, blue, and lavender—was seen in the hills. Once a ball of lightning rolled down the chimney and across the floor of a cabin. Many thought the lightning was an omen, but whether good or bad remained to be seen.

In July, Oglethorpe wrote in his journal: “I am still embarrassed by the many violations of the Rum Law, and the settlers still pester me for slaves. But my regiment is comfortably housed and the southernmost islands protected by the regulars. We have a lack of watchmen and Rangers to see to the apprehension of outlaws, and to capture runaway slaves, but it goes fairly smoothly. I wish I could make the people see what harm can come from owning slaves. Yet, only the Highlanders and the Salzburgers support me in this.”

And on July 17 he wrote: "*The James* sailed for England with twenty pounds weight of silk. We had hoped for more, but many worms died. They were being bred in a house formerly used as a hospital. Mr. Camuse believes that the infection inherent in the building caused the sickness that killed them. We have moved them and built a new house for them."

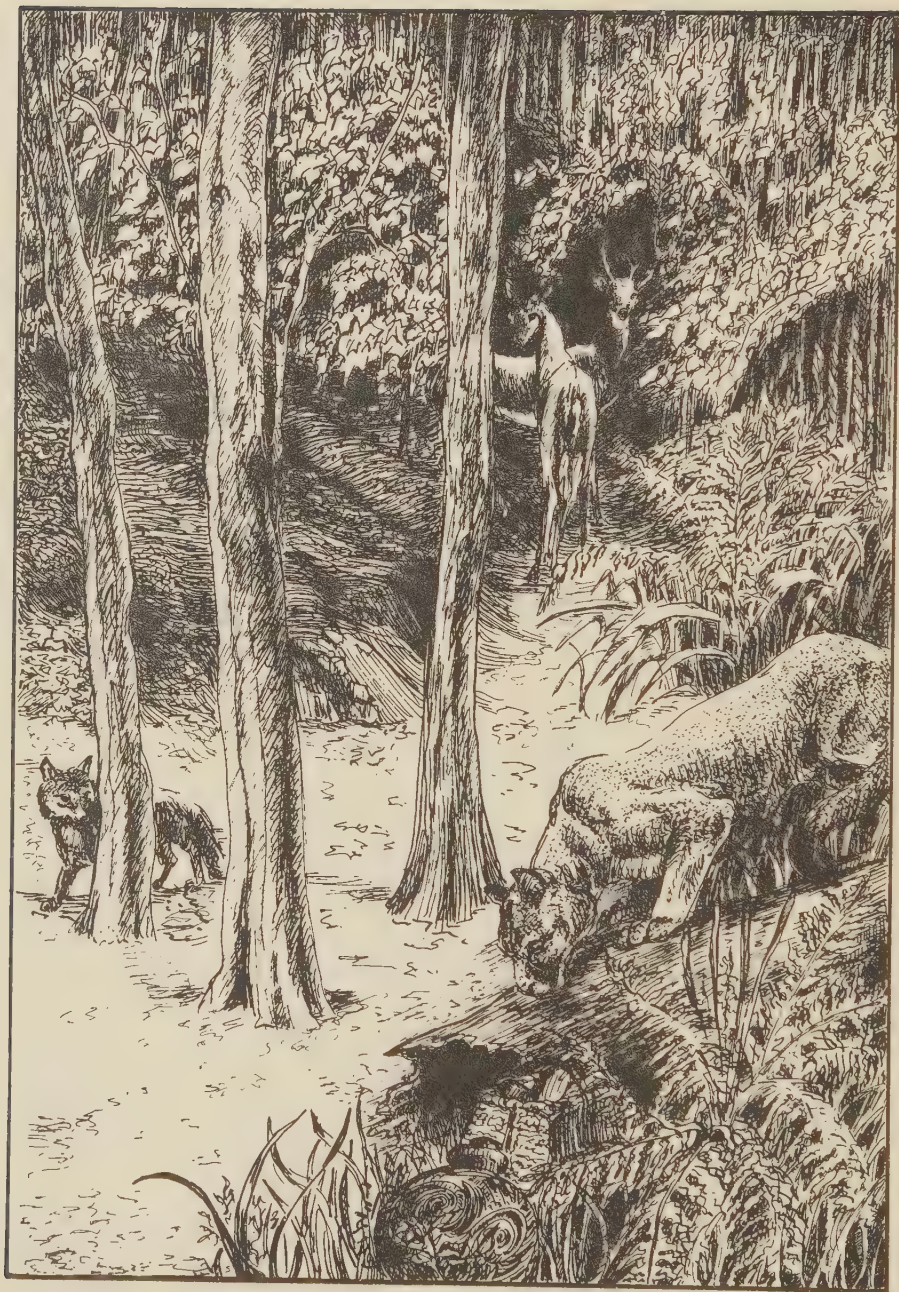
In the meantime Oglethorpe had ordered that stockades be built and cannon added to the defenses of the town. The Yamassee Indians were crafty allies of the Spaniards, and as elusive as quicksilver. Sudden fires and night raids were their specialty, and Oglethorpe was particularly concerned about Mount Venture. It was still unmanned and vulnerable, being isolated and far away from the other coastal forts.

At Coweta the Green Corn Festival was to be held along with a meeting of the four great Indian nations of the Southeast—the Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws, and Chickasaws. More than seven thousand people would take part in the *puskita*.

At his house in town Oglethorpe sat in front of the fire. He counted the sticks in the bundle of slender tapers in his hand. They had been given to him at the council.

"Throw away one stick a day," said Malatchi. "When you reach the final one, you will have time to travel to Coweta for the meeting."

At his lodge at Yamacraw, Tomo-chi-chi watched Tooanahowie with eyes grown dim with age. The night before, Tomo-chi-chi had heard the owl call his name. It was close to his time and he knew it. He hoped to live until the *puskita*. It was there that young Tooanahowie would take Tomo-chi-chi's place as *mico*. The old man watched as Tooanahowie drew near. He was tall and handsome, and





had features that were a pleasure to look upon. He had given Tomo-chi-chi much joy in his sixteen years. Tooanahowie listened as Tomo-chi-chi explained that he would not be able to make the trip to Coweta this year.

It had been a strange year. There was much ill feeling among some of the Creeks toward the English. Even after all the treaties, there were still some traders who cheated the Creeks and went unpunished. Tomo-chi-chi was concerned that his people might not support the general in the English war. He wanted Tooanahowie to counsel the people that Oglethorpe was always to be trusted. He had always honored his word.

"I will wait for you to return," Tomo-chi-chi said, and closed his eyes to rest.

The group from Savannah left for Coweta. Among them were General Oglethorpe, Mary Musgrove, Tooanahowie, four of Oglethorpe's young officers, and four Creek braves. They traveled three hundred miles through the forests, crossing streams and rivers, and fighting mosquitoes and snakes.

Occasionally they would find baskets of food—honey, milk, pumpkin bread, venison, corn pudding, and dried fruit pies—that had been left for them by the Creeks. Sometimes they saw the people who had left the food, but most often only the food would be there, at a crossing or along the side of a stream, to help them on their way.

Holding the tobacco in his left hand, Postubee faced the rising sun. He recited the ancient powerful words and blew his breath on the leaves while rubbing them with his right hand. The morning sun touched his face and turned it to bronze. The sun gilded the



edges of the leaves in the forest around him and danced off the water in the creek in front of him. He rubbed the leaves counterclockwise. It was good medicine that he had prepared—medicine for the meeting that would take place later in the day at the lodge. Finally Postubee was ready.

Only Postubee or one of the holy men could smoke the ancient tobacco—the fragrant *Nicotiana rustica* that was mixed with the bright red leaves of the sumac. The custom of sacred tobacco was older than the memory of any person there. Not even the fathers of the old men could remember where the ritual had begun. Like the use of the pipe itself, it had begun when men first came to the places from the beyond—from the lands shrouded by fog and lost in the mists of time. Ancient men had walked to the frozen lands of the north to obtain the sacred stone for the pipes. It took a year for them to walk to the secret caves and to return. And only the holy ones knew where the caves were and what mysteries were there. It would be a good meeting this *puskita*. Postubee thought. The omens were right.

Oglethorpe and Tooanahowie were given a warm welcome from the people at Coweta. Chigelley and Malatchi rode out to meet them and to lead them back to the village. The pipe of peace was smoked and the treaties signed. Chigelley announced that he too was turning over the reins of power. Malatchi would now be chief *mico* for the Upper and Lower Creek Nation. And Tooanahowie would take Tomo-chi-chi's place as chief *mico* of the Yamacraw.

After the meeting and the days of celebration, Mary Musgrove and the Creeks returned to Savannah. Oglethorpe and his party

went on to Fort Moore at Augusta on business. He had planned to spend a week there, but was stricken with a fever and lay on his cot, ill and racked with a sickness that left him drenched with sweat or freezing.

During Oglethorpe's second week in Augusta, he was visited by a party of Cherokees and Chickasaws who complained that the English traders had been selling bad rum to their people. They described the results of the poisoning and demanded revenge.

"The young men look in the streams and kill themselves. They are scarred and terrible."

Oglethorpe recognized the symptoms and told them that while the traders may have sold bad rum, that the people were suffering from something far worse. The Cherokees and Chickasaws had been stricken with smallpox, the dreaded "white man's disease." For that, there was no revenge.

Oglethorpe then assured them that the Georgia traders were licensed and safe and that he would see to it that the bad trader was punished. After thanking Oglethorpe, his Indian friends offered to prepare a potion to cure his illness. As he drank the bitter, dark brew, Oglethorpe wondered if he was going to die. After the Indians left, Lieutenant Mackay came into the room with a message from the governor of Rhode Island. Rewards were being offered for privateers who volunteered to act against Spanish ships. If he understood the message, Oglethorpe knew that it could only mean one thing—war.

"Prepare to leave for Savannah," Oglethorpe said, getting up from his bed. Oddly enough, once his knees stopped shaking, he felt well enough to travel. The Cherokee potion had cured him, at

least temporarily. He was weak and had lost weight, but the fever was gone.

Not far from Savannah, a runner met Oglethorpe's party with two urgent messages. England had declared war against Spain. And his old friend Tomo-chi-chi lay dying.

*Tomo-chi-chi was very generous, giving away all the rich presents he received, remaining himself in a wilful Poverty, being more pleased in giving to others, than possessing himself; and he was very mild and good natured.*

—James Edward Oglethorpe

**T**he first light of day shone pale and soft in the east. The lodge house was wreathed in silvery river mists that hid the hollows and houses as though the village had been enchanted by a magician's wand so that it floated upon the earth. The breeze was soft and smelled of the sea. A snowy owl drifted silently through the trees, the rounded tips of his feathers masking all sound. The day was October 5, 1739.

Tomo-chi-chi lay on a raised bed of furs in the center of the room. Firelight flickered over his face, turning to gold his hooded eyelids and shadowing the fragile hollows at his temples. His old hands, twisted and arthritic, held the gilt box he'd been given by Sir John Percival. A muffled drum made a sound like a heartbeat.

Rows of people lined the walls and stood silently. At the foot of the bed, Tooanahowie watched. Senawki and Mary Musgrove sat



on either side of the bed. Mary had just returned from Coweta with Tooanahowie.

"Tomo-chi-chi," Mary whispered. "Can you hear me?"

Tomo-chi-chi's heavy eyelids fluttered, reluctant to open.

"Coosaponakeesa, it is you." His voice was whispery and thin. He opened his eyes slowly and turned toward her. "I have been waiting for my friend, the general."

"He is on his way," she said, placing her warm hand over his cool, knotted one.

But she didn't know whether he heard her. Tomo-chi-chi's eyes closed and he died.

The day of the funeral was cool and golden. Autumn leaves lay with the elegance of crushed silk in piles of gold. Oak leaves scented the earth with a dry dustiness. Oglethorpe stood alone, watching as the funeral barge bearing the body of Tomo-chi-chi glided silently on the water. Ever-widening circles floated out from its edges and touched the banks where people watched and waited.

When the barge reached its destination, the pallbearers, Oglethorpe among them, lifted their burden and bore the wrapped body on its stretcher down Bay Street. They turned at Bull Street and then on to Percival Square, where the old chief would be buried.

Tooanahowie, Senawki, and Mary followed directly behind the pallbearers. Following them were the *micos*, chiefs, and braves representing the various tribes of the Nation. Only the sounds of birds and the steady footfalls of the mourners disturbed the silence.

As they approached the square, minute guns were fired by the militia. The shots shattered the stillness, reverberating in the air. Then the body was lowered to the earth. Suddenly, as though on



signal, a cloud of sandhill cranes flew overhead, their feathers creaking as they sailed low over the square. The great birds rippled and soared, the air hollowed by their flight until other sounds rushed in, filling the emptiness. Mary watched until the cranes disappeared.

"In my dream, the cranes flew twice," Tomo-chi-chi had said that day at St. Catherine's Island. "Once to tell me of a man who is to come and once to tell me of a man who is no more on this earth." Mary remembered his words.

*He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.*

—Job 7:10

**O**n Amelia Island, the southernmost outpost of the colony, John Mackay and Angus Mcleod, two young Highlanders, walked down the narrow path in the predawn chill to gather firewood. At the fort the rest of the small garrison was asleep. As the two men entered the woods a volley of shot cut them down without warning. Within minutes their heads had been cut off by a war party of Spanish-allied Yamassee Indians.

“November 7, 1739. First blood spilt by the hand of the Spaniard.” Oglethorpe wrote the words with his quill pen, then folded the letter carefully. Holding the wax to the candle, he pressed his seal into the soft wax, then dusted the paper lightly with sand.

In December, Oglethorpe wrote to Mary Musgrove: “We are here resolved to die hard and will not lose one inch of ground without fighting! But we cannot do the impossible. We have no cannon,



very little powder, no horse, very few boats and no funds. The best expedient I can think of is to strike first. I think the best way to make use of our strength is to use our men, beat them out of the field, destroy their out-settlements. The Indians, who are very faithful, will assist us. I am fortifying the town of Frederica, and I hope I shall be repaid the expenses. I cannot leave a number of good houses and merchants' goods, and what is much more valuable, the lives of men, women and children in an open town, at the mercy of every party!"

Mary promptly sent him two hundred pounds, what gunpowder she could spare, and extra weapons from the supply at Mount Venture.

In Charlestown the legislature approved an act agreeing to contribute a regiment of five hundred men, a troop of Rangers, and three months' provisions. A large schooner was also furnished.

Oglethorpe then wrote to England: "We desperately need four ten-oared boats and one at Savannah, as well as a train of artillery, some gunners and at least 400 barrels of cannon and 100 barrels of musket powder, with bullets proportionable."

By now most of the men in Savannah and surrounding areas, including indentured servants, had been drafted into military service. Mount Venture was Fort Mt. Venture, a military fort. The colony was at war.

It was a long struggle, which ended in March 1743, when General Oglethorpe—with a small band of Creek warriors, a detachment of Highlanders, and a portion of his regiment—landed in Florida and drove the enemy within the lines of St. Augustine. They compelled the Spaniards to abandon their advanced posts in

Florida. Oglethorpe's troops then marched ninety-six miles in four days. This was the last expedition led by Oglethorpe against Spain.

The war, which began in St. Augustine in defeat for the British, was finally won.

The governors of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia sent special letters of congratulations to Oglethorpe, thanking him for his services. The governor of South Carolina did not join in the congratulations, but the people of Port Royal did.

When it was all over, Oglethorpe returned to Orange Cottage, the home that he had built at St. Simon's, leaving Colonel William Stephens as deputy general of the colony. In the months following the cessation of battle, Oglethorpe and his men were busy rebuilding the settlements at St. Simon's, Cumberland, and Jekyl Island.

By 1743 the colony was well established. The Indians and the English were living together peacefully, and the Spaniards had left the area. Oglethorpe planned a trip to England. He was greatly in debt because of the war. Some of the bills that he had drawn "for His Majesty's Service" had been returned dishonored in the amount of twelve thousand pounds. He needed to get his own affairs in order and, for that reason, left Savannah for London on July 23, 1743. Oglethorpe would never return to the colony.

In England he was promoted to major-general, then to a lieutenant-general, and finally commissioned as general in the British army. Oglethorpe then returned to Parliament until 1754. He was recognized as governor of the colony until 1752, at the surrender of the charter of the province by the Trustees. Oglethorpe maintained an interest and love for the colony. Miss Hannah More, a





young woman who was visiting London and was introduced to Oglethorpe, wrote: "He is perhaps the most remarkable man of his time . . . *a preux chevalier*, heroic, romantic, and full of the old gallantry." At that time Oglethorpe was over ninety years old.

A short time before his death Oglethorpe paid a visit to John Adams, the first minister of the United States of America to the Court of St. James's. He who had planned Georgia met with the man who had come to the royal court as a representative of the country that had declared its separate national existence. James Edward Oglethorpe died on July 1, 1785, and was buried at Cranman Church in England.

Shortly after Oglethorpe had departed Savannah for England, Tooanahowie and four other young marines were cutting timber near Savannah when they were attacked by a renegade war party of forty-three Yamassee Indians and kidnapped. They were held prisoner aboard a piragua. A rescue party of young Creek started out after them. They caught up with the Yamassee on the northern side of the St. John's River. During the fight that ensued, five Yamassee were killed as was Tooanahowie. He was twenty-one years old. One of the marines brought back the gold watch Tooanahowie had been given by the Prince of Wales. The watch was given to Mary Musgrove, who in turn gave it to Senawki, Tooanahowie's mother. A month later Senawki died.

Like James Oglethorpe, Mary Musgrove had lost many things during the war. Her finances were in terrible condition. She was owed more than five thousand pounds in back salary and expenses. She had also lost much of her land. She made a trip to England in order to petition the Crown. When it was all over, she had received



four hundred and fifty pounds for goods she had contributed to the war effort on England's behalf. She was also awarded full right and title to St. Catherine's Island along with monies from the sale of Ossabaw and Sapelo. Upon her return from England, Mary went to St. Catherine's, where she had built a home. She never again left her beloved island, and she is buried there in an unmarked grave.

Nearly two hundred years after his death, a stone was placed over Tomo-chi-chi's grave in Percival (now Wright) Square in Savannah. It bears the following inscription:

*In memory of Tomo-chi-chi  
the mico of the Yamacraws,  
the companion of Oglethorpe  
and the friend and ally  
of the colony of Georgia.*

There are no more Creeks in the "hunting islands" off Georgia's coast. Over time their lands were taken from them.

In 1838, during Indian Removal, a majority of the Creeks, along with the other Southern tribes, lost their homes and lands. The generosity that the native Americans showed toward the whites was not returned.

The places that knew them, know them no more.

SARA HARRELL BANKS was raised in Savannah, Georgia, where she now lives with her husband, Caleb, and her cat, Sister. Her son and grandson live in Hawaii. She attended local schools and several Southern colleges where she spent many hours avoiding math classes.

Ms. Banks is the author of seven children's books and a mystery novel for adults. *Tomo-chi-chi* is the first in a series of historical biographies on native Americans from the Southeast.

CATHARINE E. VARNEDOE was born and raised in Savannah. She was delighted to have the opportunity to illustrate a book about Tomo-chi-chi, who was a childhood hero.

























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